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# GRAPHIC ART

FORMERLY "PLATINUM PRINT"



KARL STRUSS

VOLUME 3, No. 1 : OFFICE, 2 E. 29<sup>TH</sup> ST., NEW YORK : PRICE 25 CENTS

1910-SEVENTH SUMMER SESSION, 1916  
THE CLARENCE H. WHITE  
SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY



EAST CANAAN, CONNECTICUT  
JULY TENTH TO AUGUST NINETEENTH

EAST CANAAN IS SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, THE COUNTRY FURNISHING AN ABUNDANCE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC OPPORTUNITY. CAREFUL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO THE INSTRUCTION OF THE STUDENT IN THE TECHNICAL METHODS OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND HIS TRAINING AS AN ARTIST. THE SCHOOL IS SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED.

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ADDRESS:  
CLARENCE H. WHITE, 230 EAST 11TH STREET, NEW YORK

VOLUME 3

JUNE

NUMBER 1

1916

# PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

REPRESENTING PHOTOGRAPHY AND OTHER GRAPHIC ARTS



## INFINITE LOVE

I have ever loved thee in a hundred forms and times,  
Age after age, in birth following birth.

The chain of songs that my fond heart did weave  
Thou graciously didst take around thy neck,  
Age after age, in birth following birth.

When I listen to the tales of the primitive past,  
The love-pangs of the far distant times,  
The meetings and partings of the ancient ages—  
I see thy form gathering light  
Through the dark dimness of Eternity  
And appearing as a star ever fixed in the memory of all.

We two have come floating by the twin currents of love—  
That well up from the inmost heart of the Beginningless.  
We two have played in the lives of myriad lovers.

In tearful solitude of sorrow,  
In tremulous shyness of sweet union,  
In old, old love ever renewing its life.

The onrolling flood of the love eternal  
Hath at last found its perfect final course.  
All the joys and sorrows and longings of heart,  
All the memories of the moments of ecstasy,  
All the love-lyrics of poets of all climes and times  
Have come from the everywhere  
And gathered in one single love at thy feet.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

*Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company*



TWILIGHT  
C. J. MARTIN



GRANDMOTHER  
HENRIETTA KIBBE BRIGGS



CIVIC HEART OF NEW YORK  
ANTOINETTE HERVEY



PORTRAIT  
ARTHUR D. CHAPMAN



FOAMY SHORES  
MARGARET D. M. BROWN



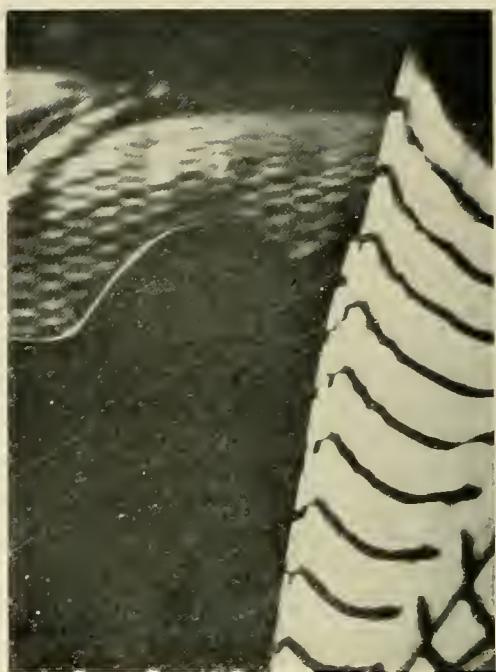
THE EXCURSION  
HENRY HOYT MOORE



PORTRAIT STUDY  
MARION MEISEL



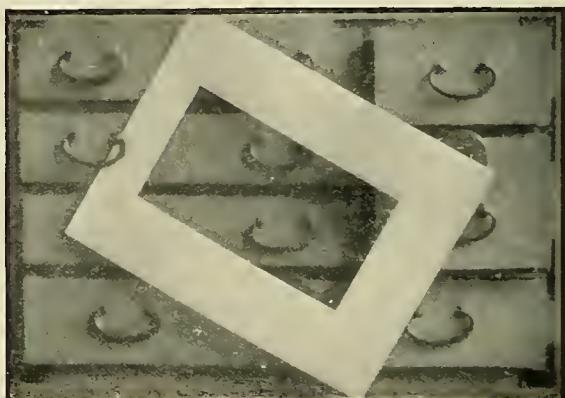
*Edna L. Tyler*



*Cornelia McCoy*



*Alice Choate*



*W. R. Latimer*

## DESIGN

As photography is limited more to the concrete aesthetic expression of the visible than other plastic arts, constant effort is made to help the student in design to bring as much of the abstract into his expression as the photographic means will allow. The foregoing studies, made from a choice of objects in which representation is abandoned, so that the design or composition of the light and dark areas, their shape, quantity and position, their gradation and tone, become of themselves rectangles of pictorial and abstract satisfaction.

M. W.

# THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN AND ITS VALUE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS

EDWARD R. DICKSON

OT long ago, when modern art descended upon us with fine tints and fine forms, the academician smiled at the intruder with studied forbearance, for there came with the movement, as indeed there should come with the advent of fresh thoughts, an era, not of perfection but one of indulgence in geometric problems and the intersection of cubes, by minor painters who were eager to attain distinction and publicity by the adoption of strange methods. However, while the new movement was enduring the vulgarity of newspaper derision and the scoffings of critics of the sane and safe schools, its real students, whose devotion degenerated not into enthusiasm, toiled incessantly and earnestly, so that the influence of modern art was soon extended. Its designs and colors were adopted in the manufacture of textiles, wall papers, ribbons, women's hats, gowns, and in the decoration of homes. Its message of unrest stirred the younger and timorous painters, so that those who had not developed an attitude now realized its absence; those who were dormant rebelled against the very influence that maintained their dormancy and those who were weighted by the impotence of their own endeavors were now determined to go out and work in newer fields with lighter heart and with greater zeal. Indeed, from no movement could more be asked or expected than the creation of desires in others, and if academic art has chosen to remain indifferent to all these impulses, its tranquility cannot be ascribed to the possession of superior wisdom or greater sincerity; but to a complacency and stubbornness which does not extend beyond the confines of settled ideas. In this winter exhibition of their work, which has passed with grave academic respectability, nothing impresses one so forcibly as their safe anchorage, their timidity to transgress,

to do new things. Their expressions in color are void of the luxuriance and the freshness so characteristic of the true modernist who clothes so richly his figures. In the realization of all this disappointment the photographer turns to see if he may find a measure of enjoyment and satisfaction in the designs or patterns the academician employs in filling his canvas, and it is here that he discovers how successfully Disposition of Form has been avoided by the painter, and that apart from portraiture—which lies without the domain of design—canvases have been filled with scant regard for space decoration or the joy of design. It has been said of William Blake that he decorated his pages as learnedly as the Florentines their chapel walls, and it might truthfully be said of the academician that he decorates his canvas as learnedly as an academician. Through an enforced concentration of thought upon form and its application within a chosen area, the photographer—and I speak of the pictorial photographer always—cultivates a more sincere appreciation for true form than the average painter. Being liberated from the obligation of exercising his "color sense" the photographer develops instead, his "form sense" to as high a degree of excellence as his ambition and his intelligence will allow, since he realizes too well, that, having no access to combinations in color that may be used to clothe a bad design, his appeal to the intellect and to the imagination must be through the open highways of patterns, forms, and decorated areas. From the viewpoint, therefore, of desired progress, the artistic existence of the photographer is dependent upon the extent to which he cultivates an intimate acquaintance with the limitations of his medium, and upon the skill with which he engages his intellect with the disposition of form and form alone, for through no other avenue can he ever at-

(Continued on page 16.)

# PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE PRINTING ART

S. H. HORGAN

**A**N exhibition of American Printing? "Of what interest," may one ask, "can such an exhibit be to readers of PHOTOGRAPHIC ART?" And yet it was my pleasure to see your editor there, who confessed the thrills of delight he experienced in seeing the decorative arrangement of type-display in all its phases. And why not? for there were gathered at the National Arts Club, New York, the finest exhibits of American printing ever shown, and upon them was impressed the powerful though subtle influence of the camera, for it can readily be shown that without photography such a beautiful exhibition could not be.

The first impression one received in looking over the exhibition, as a whole, was the overwhelming importance of illustration in modern printing art. Another prominent feature was the variety of shades and texture in paper. And here again do we find the influence of the photographer in teaching the printer how to select suitable mounts with which to show his printing advantageously, for the art printer has adopted the idea of printing his half-tones on glossy paper and then tipping them on mounts of antique paper.

In reflecting upon the engraving methods used for the embellishment of all these beautiful exhibits, we cannot but recall how photography enters into it all. Before the wood engraver uses the graver on the wood, photography has placed the picture upon the wood for him. The engraver on linoleum, who displayed such an attractive poster in color in this exhibition, had a key plate made on zinc by photography from which he made impressions upon the seven pieces of linoleum which he subsequently cut into color blocks. As for the other specimens of engraving shown, they were all done through the aid of photography: so that it might be concluded that without the art of photography, printing would not be recognized as among the greatest of the

liberal arts, as indeed it is unquestionably.

The illustrations and decorations found in this exhibition show again the assistance of photography in bringing before our illustrators the art of all ages and of all lands. And so it is with type designing. Photographic enlargements of type designs are made from which the type is elaborated. It was noticeable that though our poster designers and artists in decoration have studied the art of all lands, French taste would appear to have the greater influence on our art. We have not yet, however, evolved a distinctively American style in decoration.

The early Italian, French and English type founders have taught us what is beautiful in type; but Frederic W. Goudy showed, in the catalogue of the exhibition, and for the first time, a font of type designed by himself, which proves that America can provide as fine type faces as can be found anywhere. The same may be said of American printing, and this exhibition proved it. Our printers have heretofore neglected to take just pride in their achievement, which it is to be hoped will not be the case hereafter. One need not journey to Leipsic, Vienna, Berlin or Paris to find good printing, since we have it all around us but have not appreciated it. There were possibly 50,000 specimens sent in to this exhibition, from which probably 5,000 were selected.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts has fully justified its purpose by arranging this exhibition in order that one may see what our American printers are doing, and the public will look forward to even greater achievements by this Institute in the future, for its object is to stimulate public interest and appreciation, and as far as possible, to create a desire for better products, by the publication of literature and designs; by giving educational lectures; and by doing everything possible to raise the standard and to extend and develop the Graphic Arts.

# TRADITION AND NOW

MAX WEBER

HAVE we so completely changed our humanity that we find we must reconstruct the principles of art? Do we need art? I mean painting, sculpture, printing. Perhaps it is because of our feeling no need of the placid, plastic art, without really knowing or wanting to believe such a possibility, that we try to find new forms and talk of art in terms of metaphysics instead of peacefully, quietly living and making art as others did in the past. Perhaps the plastic arts have become insufficient, no matter how revolutionary or realistic they be. Perhaps we need new forms of exhilaration, of excitement, which will give new rest and pleasure more suited to our taste and our rush. Perhaps we do not need painting at all, or sculpture. Perhaps we need a new architecture, a new music or a period of silence altogether—and rest. Perhaps we need a spiritual recuperation. Perhaps the senses governing our nerves need rest. Then, let us live for a while in the out-of-doors of the arts, and childlike, return and make a new beginning for modernity in modern art. Art, as we know it to be, or as we find it, is built upon the principles embodied in the great antiques. How shall the arts of the past serve us? Shall they at least help us to see how different we have become from the races that have created them? With a great religious revival four centuries ago, came the Renaissance. Shall we argue that art needs no urge from any outside source but art, that modernity itself is the excuse for some modern outbursts? But then, what is modernity and whence does it spring, and how? Whether we have changed or not, I do know this, that in spite of all the manifestoes of now and of the future, in whatever tongue they be written or spoken, and whatever motive there may be behind them, the antiques will live, as they have lived, and always, as long as the sun will shine, as long as there is mother and child,

as long as there are seasons and climes, as long as there is life and death, sorrow and joy. Modernity has closed our eyes and blotted our vision. Before doing anything, we of today should see that we do not lack the power of seeing objectively and above all, spiritually, for sight is the all-embracing sense of all other senses. Without sight we are less than were we without any other senses. Like hearing, it demands tranquility and peace, dignity, spiritual focus. One of the deficiencies of general culture of modern times is the lack of power of observation. Real seeing is not a lens process. It is mind's sight and mind-operating. To see a measurable height is to see the immeasurable dimension. It is then a vision that penetrates with the light of the mind all that the eye beholds or all that the eye *touches*. To see a thing is to *see* its inherent spirit, as the X-ray sees the physical internal structure of matter. To see an art work casually or en passant, is a very pleasant experience; but to come in touch with the vision, the spirit of its maker, is seeing in participation, and then it is not only a gratification but an exaltation. A superior art work finds a destiny of great distinction: an inferior work unmakes itself through this time-filtering process and sympathetic visual kneading, by not being looked upon again and again. To become intimate with an art work is to unmake and make it again with the *eye-hands* and *mind-eyes*. Thus, one not only sees the ensemble but the units, and one can more easily enter and feel the interval of time and space and mood, as a composite in the work of art in its plastic formation. To *see* is to ask, to discover, to discern. To look is to listen to the *silent*. Through one's eyes the outer worlds make their impression or imprint upon the inner visual screen, which the mind sees and gives over to feeling. Seeing is a gift, a blessing, verily, from God, and happy, indeed, are they who utilize it fully.

# TYPOGRAPHICA

EDITED BY FREDERIC W. GOUDY

A Type Design that is not a mechanical copy of an existing face, is not wrought simply by conscious determination to do so. The secret is an open one, hidden because of its very simplicity. All that is required is a knowledge of form, a keen regard for beauty and proportion, and a taste developed by long observation and analysis of beautiful forms; never forgetting for a moment that letter-forms are fixed—not designed, that the essential characteristics of letters have not changed materially since first cut in stone. As previously stated, legibility, beauty and character are the essentials of letters. How to get these in a *new* type expression, then, is the point. Certainly not by deciding to make an older letter heavier, or lighter, wider or narrower, or by adding a curly-cue here and there. Type should be finely and boldly drawn, using as models the ancient classic forms which have survived the ages and become the universal medium of expression, giving to those forms a new distinction, character and beauty according to the skill and knowledge of the designer. How this may be attained is difficult to set down in words. A new type is never completed until each letter of the alphabet is in harmony, and to secure this, means working back and forth from one to the other as new developments of subtleness arise. My own practice is to make a pencil note of anything that strikes me as possible material for some future design. These suggestions come from many sources, sometimes a letter on a signboard, in an advertisement, an old manuscript or early printed book. Of these pencil notes I have hundreds. Many will prove useless, being too radical or lacking quality desired when reduced to type. An eye alert for suggestion will note many points that will prove useful, and often while at work over one design, some discarded handling of one letter

may indicate a new treatment for another type face. The first point to determine is the use to which the type is to be put, whether a book face or one for general display. No type is adapted to every purpose, but it is surprising to how many different uses a good type may be put, is not so much "what type"? but how it is handled. A type suitable for some purposes might prove inharmonious for others. This point settled, then, the question of weight, of serifs, the length of ascenders and descenders, whether it is to be "fat" or "lean," close-fitted or otherwise, must be decided. The general character of the letter in mind automatically determines many points, as there is a normality to every letter that may not be tampered with. In fact to do so requires real effort and that of itself should be a distinct indication that doing so is wrong. I next draw pencil guide lines for top and bottom of type body, indicating height of capitals and lower case, setting these out very accurately, making the capitals about two inches high. On these lines, I usually start in pencil, using the phrase: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs," which contains all the letters of the alphabet. The lower case "p" presents in its round member the feeling for all the curves in the other letters, the upper serifs will determine the treatment for the others, and the stem will indicate the color sought. By the time the words "pack my box" are laid out, I am in the swing of design, and if uninterrupted it may go through with considerable rapidity; but if laid aside for other work, it is as difficult to get it going again as it was in the first instance. On the other hand, I have had five different type designs all going at once, working from one to the other without trouble, each suggesting points for use in the others. I am preparing some sketches showing the development of a design, which lack of space prevents giving in this issue.

# PHOTO- GRAPHIC ART

REPRESENTING PHOTOGRAPHY AND OTHER  
GRAPHIC ARTS

Issued at intervals

7 numbers constitute a subscription

Single copies, 25 cents      Yearly, \$1.50  
Canada, \$1.80      Foreign countries, \$2.00

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## AN EDITORIAL TO OUR FRIENDS

OUR little magazine has not reached you for quite a few months, and many and anxious have been the inquiries of its friends who feared that mayhap some wicked monster had devoured it, cover, pages, ideals and all. Have you, too, missed it? But now with gathered strength it comes to you in Spring's first warmth, clad in new little petticoats and responding to its new name PHOTO-GRAPHIC ART, by which it wishes to apprise you of its interest in Photography and other Graphic Arts. Its type pages have been heightened so that its printed words may bear a more exalted appearance, and it will continue to give you specimens of the printing art such as other magazines are incapable of presenting, through lack of taste and greed for gain. Its policy remains unchanged, although to its efforts will be added an endeavor to acquaint you with good etching and engraving. It will champion the cause of Pictorial Photography and sound the alarum-bells of defiance whenever its rights are invaded.

To the photographer it will give articles void of all technical details but full of broadening thoughts and clearer vision for the summoning of fresh viewpoints in his work, and for the guidance of the ambitious amateur it will establish right ideals. To the painter and the man of letters it will carry the photographer's message in the conduct of public exhibitions. It will give you glimpses of poetry through which you may approach your task with loftier insight and greater devotion. It will not abuse its friends, nor hate its enemies, for the liberty of the press is a blessing when we write against others, and a calamity when we are overborne by the multitude of our assailants. And our assailants: are they not many, for do they not persecute us because we possess an ideal? They would convert us into a trade journal and rob our pages of their decorative character. They would deny us our distinction in being the only magazine whose pages are entirely set up by hand in this machine-ridden age. They dislike the thought that our engagement should be in the educational presentation of photography when we might be financially employed in exploiting it. But if our recompense is to be but the appreciation of the few and the contempt of the many, even this requites us. The price of PHOTO-GRAPHIC ART has been increased to satisfy those who have so often chided us for our magnanimity, and to impress its worth upon others who are frugally inclined. To our friends who have subscribed their help to our efforts, our cup of thanks runneth over, and to those who may wish to join hands with us, we hail, "Come over to Macedonia and help us now," and in coming, bring with you burning desires to help us to maintain the standards of good work. Within the past few years every photographic exhibition of worth, which has been held in America, has derived its influence from us or from the group of workers affiliated with our efforts, and no other magazine but PHOTO-GRAPHIC ART, the Most Beautiful Magazine in America, could devote itself to such an unselfish purpose.

# THE JAPANESE GARDEN AT YAMA FARMS

AUSTIN A. BREED

In all my travels, and traveling is my chief delight, I have never seen a spot where beauty is so concentrated as among the ponds at Yama Farms at Napanoch, N. Y. I know of no other spot where it pays the photographer so well to woo nature. And in no other spot do you get such complete changes of aspect with each change of position of the sun. There are five ponds, draining successively one into another. On the south they are heavily fringed with willows, while part of the northern side spreads into a more open landscape. Here, apparently without design, rocks and waving grasses offer pleasing variety to the eye. Scattered throughout the grounds are buildings in true Japanese style. A Japanese visitor once paid to the creators the highest of all compliments when he said, "The artists who created this spot have perfectly interpreted the spirit of Japanese landscape gardening. So many foreigners think that they have created a Japanese garden when they have gotten together some water and rushes, with a few modern stone lanterns prominently displayed therein. The beauty of your garden is that you haven't used lanterns. One could easily imagine that it 'grew that way' without any purposed design." But it

didn't "grow that way." I have seen photographs taken of this same area, before the work was started. More hopeless material I never saw. There was just one big pond, a few straggling willows and a flat meadow. There wasn't a single rock, where you now see so many. There was none of the beautiful massing of light and shade. It is only when you look at these photographs of about 10 years ago that you realize that this is indeed a dream come true. And this characteristic, of "dreams come true," is present in every part of Yama Farms, including Yama Farms Inn, in which I am told there are no duplicate pieces of furniture, and that no two bedrooms are of the same design. Each room bears a

name in keeping with the quaintness manifested throughout. One is called the "Wishing Room," another the "Three Meadows Room," while another is called the "Ends of the Earth Room." There is a Jenny Brook Preserve where, as you walk down a little valley, your eyes protected from the sun by dense foliage, your ear is soothed by the murmuring of the ice-cold brook which lies now to your right, now to your left, and beneath your feet, as you cross and re-cross it on little rustic bridges.



# PHOTOGRAPHIC ACTIVITIES

## EXHIBITIONS IN NEW YORK

At the Print Gallery: The work of well known pictorialists of America.

At the National Arts Club: Landscapes and seascapes by Wentworth.

At Columbia University: The work of members of Teacher's College.

At the Camera Club: Showing the work of members only.

At the Woman's University: A collection of the work of members.

At the Co-operative Mural Workshops: Prints by Adelaide Ehrich and other art workers.

At the Clarence H. White School of Photography: Presentation of the work of members of the school.

At the Photo-Scession: The work of Paul Strand.

At the National Arts Club: Forthcoming exhibition in November under auspices of the Institute of Graphic Arts. Will be comprehensive in scope and promises to be the most interesting yet seen in New York. Will contain specimens of photographic art from the days of the daguerreotype up to the present day pictoralists.

## MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS

Brooklyn, N.Y.: One-man exhibitions by Thibaudieu, Anderson, Frances and Mary Allen, Kasebier, Porterfield, Chapman, Roy, Romano.

Portland, Me.: Seventeenth Annual Exhibition at the Portland Society of Art.

Los Angeles, Cal.: The work of well known pictorialists at the Museum of Science and Art.

Baltimore, Md.: The work of members of the Photographic Guild at the Peabody Institute.

Elmira, N. Y.: The work of Clarence H. White, Karl Struss and Edward R. Dickson at the Arnot Art Gallery.

Pittsburgh, Pa.: The work of prominent pictorialists presented by the Pittsburgh Salon.

Rochester, N. Y.: The work of members of the Rochester Camera Club.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Eleventh Annual Exhibition conducted by John Wanamaker and awarding of prizes for artistic excellence.

Brooklyn, N. Y.: The work of members and invited friends at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts.

The Platinum Print Collection shown at Syracuse University, Princeton University, Worcester Public Library, Institute for Deaf Mutes, Springfield, Ill. and Detroit Museum of Art.

Rochester, N. Y.: Closing date, November 1, for Kodak Advertising Competition. Open to all amateurs and professionals. Prizes aggregate \$3,000.00 for prints having advertising value. Address Advertising Dept., Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Bangor, Me.: Proposed exhibition by the Foto-club in the Fine Arts Gallery during May.

London: Royal Photographic Society holds its Sixty-first Annual Exhibition during August and September.

## NOTES

The Eastman Kodak Visible Graduate will enable you to measure your chemicals without bother, and the Kodak Safelight Lamp will light your way to a good negative. Do you use them?

Do you possess a copy of *The Anthology of Magazine Verse* as published by Laurence J. Gomme, 2 E. 29th Street, New York? Price \$1.50.

Read "The Poetry Review of America," a magazine published monthly by The Poetry Review Co., Cambridge, Mass. The first number contains a collection of truly American poetry. It is edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. \$1.00 a year.

F.W. Goudy who designed the types used in this magazine, as well as its cover, has just issued another edition of *Typographica*, elaborately printed. Mr. Goudy will forward a copy for ten cents. He is at 2 E. 29th Street, New York.

Did you see the decorative screens by Sotatsu and Koyetsu at the Arden Gallery, N. Y.? The Metropolitan Museum has a Koyetsu. Study it.

Norman T. A. Munder & Co., who prints with such excellent taste our little magazine, has been awarded a Gold Medal for printing at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

The article, "Tradition and Now" is one among many which Mr. Max Weber has read before his class in design at the Clarence H. White School. His book "Essays on Art" will soon be published. It should be invaluable to art students.

Volume 2, No. 3 "Dance Number" precedes this issue, which is Volume 3, No. 1 of the new series. Do you like our new name, PHOTO-GRAPHIC ART, representing Photography and other Graphic Arts? We intend to give the photographer perspective.

We were unable to reproduce in this issue all prints submitted by new workers. Will our friends feel that they will be represented in a future issue entirely devoted to their individual work?

Beginning with Volume 3, No. 2, each issue will be devoted to the reproduction of the work of individual artists. Number 2 will contain the work of Alvin Langdon Coburn. We leave our readers to anticipate the delight awaiting them.

Are you not one of those collecting a portfolio of Photographic Gems? Well, read our insert. It tells all and helps our cause along.

# OUT OF THE ORIENT

JESSIE LAMONT



IN New York, as in no other of the great cities of the world, one senses the vitality and color created by the foreign element that is so potent a component of social, artistic and literary life, and among this foreign element none presents a more interesting or picturesque type than the dark, vivid, intense native of India. This race, for their supple and finely poised bodies, holds some strain of ancestry related to the ancient Greeks; and the quality of their voices is born of a soft, luxurious climate that develops a richness of tone surpassing the sonorous beauty of the Italians. The strong vein of mysticism in this race is both baffling and alluring, differing in essence from the shadowy, shimmering fancy of the Celt, it possesses something at once exotic and dynamic. The life and thought of India holds a singularly subtle fascination and suggestion. The high mountain ranges, the Himalayas, count among them the loftiest peaks in the world, the vast stretches of deserts, the monster rivers, the quicksands, the jungles, all of these factors evolve qualities of aspiration, contemplation and intuition. This ancient land has the largeness symbolized by the native elephant, the strangeness embodied in the camel, the latent force that lies in the coil of the sleeping serpent. The poetic and philosophic thought of this section of the Orient has traveled over seas from time to time in waves whose high crests have inundated and changed the configuration of the Occidental mind. The music and rhythm of the Vedas, the dramatic beauty of the Sákoontálá, the majestic cadences of the Mahabharata, have seemed to fulfil the Hindu idea of recurrence, and sound the note of renewal in different form in the dramas of the Dwyendra Lal Roy, the lyrics of Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu and the mystic melodies of Rabindranath Tagore. The magic of this country is unfolded and interpreted by many young acolytes who light the way to understanding; but none with more vivid imagery or more sumptuous power of revelation than Basanta Koomar Roy of Calcutta, who in his lectures and essays and in his recent book on Rabindranath Tagore, has revealed with a poet's necromancy the veiled yet glowing vision of the far East. Born

about thirty years ago of a high caste Hindu family in the province of Bengal, a romantic environment quickened in the youth a dramatic perception, and the verses and songs repeated in the soft Southern tongue awakened a love for rhythm and melody—for poetry in India is a part of the daily life. The first blessing bestowed upon the babe is given in verse. The child is corrected in a little rhyme that tells what evil attends a bad deed. The boy learns the rules of grammar and the sciences of botany or astronomy in verse. At marriage the young bride and bridegroom are united by "Mantrams" in verse and "after death when the human body is consigned to fire or earth, it is the Hindu muse of poetry that has the last words to say." Basanta Koomar Roy was educated in the University of Calcutta, where he absorbed impressions and ideals of his country, together with Occidental trends of thought. This young writer and lecturer has a prophetic message, national in its conception, universal in its significance. He interprets the picturesqueness and the philosophy of his race. His personal acquaintance with Tagore and other leaders of Hindu thought has stimulated a sensible comprehension of life, an ability to capture the evanescent impression, a capacity to extract from experience. He possesses the pantheistic tendencies of those who have a deep love for nature, a joy in the out-of-doors, a love of tree and plant and flower, a passion for poetry and for beauty. His philosophy is that of the Upanishads, his religion one which has made an appeal to many Occidental minds, a faith which includes a belief in re-incarnation, a belief embodied with Oriental magic in the poem of Tagore entitled "Infinite Love."

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## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

(Continued from Page 9)

tain an exalted attitude. When I affirm that many of the canvases in this exhibition are lacking in design and possess mere transitory appeals to emotions, conscious modesty allows me also to say that if they were converted into monotone many would not meet the requirements of photographic standards of fine forms and new expressions. And this is why, so far as the National Academy of Design is concerned, photographers will profit from these exhibitions only when the vision of the Academy has been refreshed and their appreciation for form has been quickened. Until these things shall have come to pass, our progress and our inspiration lie in directions far more interesting and far more educative, for of traditions and dogmas, have we none to enslave us.

*Place your camera  
close to your subject,  
then bring the lens into  
focus by using the*



MADE WITH KODAK AND KODAK PORTAIT ATTACHMENT

## KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

The result is an enlargement at first hand, the object being much larger in proportion to the size of the picture than is possible without the Portrait Attachment.

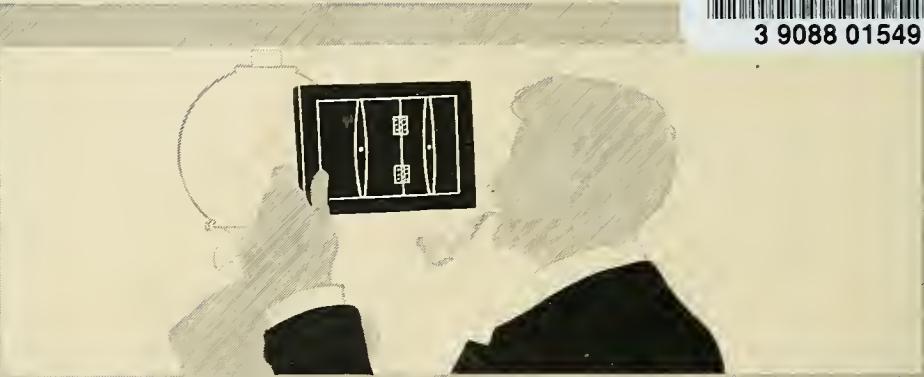
And as this attachment simply brings objects close by into perfect focus at given distances, without making it necessary to give more exposure, it may be readily seen that with the Kodak Portrait Attachment, thousands of small objects become interesting subjects for your Kodak.

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